

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A. HATHEN, T. Parker

Reprints GOOD MORALS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XIV. NUMBER 1.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, MARCH 12, E. M. 305

\$1.00 A YEAR.

REV. BAKER

The Lexington Campbellite Preacher, Has Mistrial, the Jury Hanging Nine to Three in His Favor.

He is the Man Who Was Associated With the Liar Zachary—Who is Now Associated With the Liar Wilkinson—in Publishing the 'Christian Quarterly.'

The Paper that Was Exposed by 'The Christian Standard,' of Cincinnati And Then Suppressed by the Government.

The trial of Rev. J. H. Baker, the Campbellite preacher, in Lexington, resulted in a hung jury, three being for conviction and nine for acquittal. The Judge has not yet set the day upon which the nine jurymen are to be hung. I hope it will be soon. I am going to get a ticket to it when it is held in four years from now. It is full of pictures of Eve represents her as looking at the snake while the snake has the apple in his mouth, and in another one Eve has done the deed and looks sorry. The picture of God represents him with a lot of rays shooting out from his head, and he has just finished the earth and hung it out to dry, and is just going to "make the stars also." Speaking of hanging out to dry "re-minds me," as Lincoln used to say, "I saw, the other day, in a big magazine, a picture called 'The first Monday.' A picture was a clothes-line from one palm tree to another, and hanging on the line, were two big leaves. If I could print that picture in the Blade this United States Court gang, down at Louisville, would just foreclose that penitentiary conviction they have against me, for printing "obscene literature," and send me to the penitentiary again.

The pictures of God and Eve—Evelyn is lots the best looking, and it's nlp and tuck between God and the snake—have evidently been taken from life, and they are twice as natural as life, and if Wilkinson—the preacher I debated with in the Indian Territory—gets one of those photographs of God, I am afraid he would knock the oil, should, if I should ever get to arguing about God again, for I don't see how you are going to have a photograph of a thing unless there is such a thing, and if that fellow should send me a photograph of the Devil, evidently taken from life, I would get skinned and go preaching again.

The fine oil painting of God, that I tell you about in "Dog Penner" that is at Bethlehem—the principal place where Jesus was born, his other birthplace being Nazareth, and his birthday being all along, out among those people, from December 25, to January 10—looks a good deal like me, except that it don't wear spectacles and except that God's nose is redder than mine. He not being a Prohibitionist, and the picture of God at Bethlehem has a suit of hair on him that shows up all right beside mine, but the picture of God that some body is sending me now represents him as being as bald as a billiard ball, or old Bob Ingles.

It is, I suppose, because the picture of God at Bethlehem was taken when he was younger than he is now, but in the fix that the old gentleman is in now: I don't believe the "Three Sister Hair Restorative" would do him any good, but the style of his hair is all right for heaven, because "there is no parting there."

God's latest photograph has a wart on the side of his right eye, but, like old Oliver Cromwell, he don't want to hide anything, and so he told the fellow with the kodak just to hang away, and match his mug, wart and all, and what that kodak fellow did for him was a plenty.

God looks mighty bad, though—looks like Abbott and Savage—had mighty high knocked him out. It's cowardly in Abbott and Minot J. to both jump on one old fellow at the same time.

If I was God, I would knock hell out of both of them with a sky-blue streak of lightning.

MILLIONAIRE WOMAN SENDS FOR THE BLADE.
A woman whose wealth I think is reported as high as a million, and who is a large real estate owner in two large cities has sent a subscription for the Blade, with very high compliments to me. She is about 65 years old, is an Episcopalian and has been a society leader.

One of the men was a Dr. Taylor—sawbones; not divinity—he was tried two years ago and sentenced to the penitentiary, but has been in jail ever since. Baker's attorney asked him by appealing to the jury to try a man 70 years old, but Baker had plenty of money, and was a Campbellite preacher, and that's a combine that's hard to beat in Lexington.

Zachary was Baker's partner in publishing the "Christian Quarterly," and Zachary was running a three to one slot machine in Mt. Sterling, just like the one that Baker was running in Lexington, but Zachary couldn't make anything because nobody was fool enough to trust him.

I hope to God, that the next trial they will hang Baker and Zachary too.

SCIENTIST

PRODUCES LIFE BY CHEMISTRY

Dr. Leob, of University of California, Announces He Has Done It—See Urchin Experiment.

University of California, Feb. 28, 05. Extraordinary results have attended recent experiments of Dr. Jacques Leob, of the University of California, who has been delving deep into the mysteries of life.

He announces, without reservation, that his experiments have produced most surprising results, which involve the production, by artificial means, of sexual fertilization in the eggs of sea urchins, a consummation long sought, but hitherto not attained in any such measure as through the most recent experiments of Dr. Leob.

At the conclusion of a long statement regarding his work, Dr. Leob says:

"It is obvious that we are now able to initiate the process of sexual fertilization in the egg of the sea urchin completely and in all its essential features, and that a chemist can put that man to sleep and take out one of his spars-ribes and stick it down in the ground, as Watson Heston prophesied in his cartoon, and put an Easter bonnet on that spars-rib, and it will walk the durndest prettiest woman you ever saw."

In twenty-five years from now a first-class chemist can take some mud and make a man out of it, and the man won't be named Mud either, but will have twice as much sense as Teddy L., and that chemist can put that man to sleep and take out one of his spars-ribes and stick it down in the ground, as Watson Heston prophesied in his cartoon, and put an Easter bonnet on that spars-rib, and it will walk the durndest prettiest woman you ever saw."

THE GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

A copy of the Philadelphia American, of February 29, had come in my mail and, in it, I was reading an account of the great religious revival which seems now to be going on over a great part of the Christian country.

The North American is a fine large paper and I suppose is fairly accurate in its statements.

It says that there was just such a revival as this 25 years ago, and says these revivals occur in cycles of 25 years—a kind of tricycle, at it were. The figures represent the age of Jesus and are suggestive of the trinity, but I reckon the cycle part of it is only another instance of the common error of drawing general conclusions from too limited data.

It seems doubtless true, however, that an extraordinary religious excitement has pervaded the cities, though it seems not to have extended to those who live in the country. I read in the papers of special prayers being made by whole cities for certain men whose names are published in the papers.

If anybody has prayed for me I have not been informed of it, and in the absence of such information, I am anxious to discover and change in my attitude toward the Christian religion.

This revival has also been prevailing in Lexington, and the papers report that there have been many conversions. No names are printed.

There seems to be only one single thing that any body can do in Lexington, that does not get one's name in the Lexington newspapers, and that is joining the church.

I hardly ever go to Lexington, any way, and I just made up my mind that I would not go into town to see about the revival until I heard that Hon. Moses Kaufman or Judge Watt Parker, or Mayor Combes or editor Sam Roberts or C. Bachmann had joined, and I thought in that event, I would go in and ask them how they felt, and they would advise me to try it on, and see if I could borrow \$5.00 from them any easier than I could before; but I have never heard of the conversion of any of that gang and I suppose that nothing short of something like that, or an arrest me in my Godless career. I have, though, been arrested a good many times, but it was always by some kind of an officer.

In all the conversions that are reported to have occurred in Lexington there is only one whose name I have heard. I was one of my little neigh-

HARD HEARTED COPS

Didn't Believe the Lord Todd Rev. Mr. Caier to Beat his Wife.

Indianapolis, Ind., February 14.—While eating lunch today Rev. E. T. Caier grew angry at the way his food was prepared and forcibly expressed his opinion by shying a skillet at his wife. To emphasize his feelings he kicked a chair from under his mother-in-law. The neighbors notified the police. When the patrolmen arrived they found Caier at prayer. He said that the Lord had asked him to whip his wife, but his excuse did not go with the police. He then said that he had misconstructed the message.

These cops are entirely too fly. It's a poor country for liberty where a man can't care his own dear wife with a skillet. I don't want any Connecticut "blue laws" in mine.

"THE HELL BOX."
The real name of "Rev. J. D. Woodward," just sent to the penitentiary from Commerce, Ga., for having five wives, all at once, turns out to be J. D. Glin, and another Brother, S. A. Glin, of Royston, Ga., wants it understood that the "Rev." is none of his people.

At New Albany, Ind., the sky-pilots of the other churches all jump onto Rev. Dr. S. M. Martin, Campbellite, because he would not play pretty at a recent revival. Reckon Martin is a bird.

Rev. Shipman, of New York City, formerly of Lexington, is dead—apoplexy. He was an Episcopal Midshipman.

Six thousand lined at Louisville 25, 00 at noon—price, 500 at another, 3000 at Pontecout. Strange how they took even numbers!

Rev. P. H. Riese of Kensington, N. J. wants to leave "love and obey" out of the splicing ceremony.

Rev. William H. Lukemeyer of the Methodist church, Louisville scratched his hand on his suspender buckle, on Sunday morning and died from it in a short time.

A twenty thousand dollar library building by Andrew Carnegie for old Bethany is good news.—Pan Handle News.

That's my alma mater.

Kishineff, Bessarabia, Feb. 24.—The trial of thirty-one Christians, accused of murdering Jews during the anti-Semitic Riots, was concluded today with the acquittal of nine of the defendants while twenty-two were sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

At Louisville, Rev. W. H. Itamsey, and Rev. Dr. J. P. Calhoun are causing cut each other over their religion.

On February 16th the Rev. Martin McFarland, pastor of the Christian church at Granite City, Ill., was found hanging by a rope about his neck to a rafter in his home. He had committed suicide. His death was nearly contemporary with the sermon of the Rev. Frank Talano, in which it was charged that Infidelity, Atheism, and Agnosticism are the parents of suicide; and yet the Rev. Mr. McFarland was orthodox.—Truth Seeker.

Well, that's a new one on me. I never expected to live to see the day when a Campbellite preacher would have enough conscience to go and hang himself. I am going to try never again to say that I never heard of a Campbellite preacher doing anything that he ought to do.

Bravo Martin!
"The Sun do Move"

You will see in another column of the paper where there is 2,000 of our subscribers behind. We are in need of funds, and while one subscriber is not much when it comes to over 2,000 it makes a big hole in our receipts. But to those who are not willing to renew, we hope they will do us the kindness to notify us to that effect by mail, so that we may know who can be continued sending the Blade to them. When we are willing to lose from \$10 to \$25 a week on the publication of this paper you ought to be willing to help by paying your subscription and getting a few new subscribers.

THE ROME BOOK.

I wish to inform subscribers that work on the book is progressing slowly just now. As I cannot afford to neglect my practice, and as this is my very busiest season, I cannot make much headway at present. Besides, I have enough Liberal correspondence, to require the work of a private secretary. I greatly regret that I am unable to give more than a third of this correspondence, my attention. I have letters asking me to investigate business firms, medical companies, land-titles, and other court-house records, and many other like requests.

Nothing would give me more pleasure, than to sit down and write a long personal letter to all the friends who write me; but it must be apparent to you all, that I would have time for little else, and I have to live. I have a drawer full of letters, a thousand, perhaps, that I have laid aside in my hurry, to answer some of them. That I have been able to do it, is more of a disappointment to me than to my friends and I hope they will consider the circumstances, and not feel hurt at my seeming indifference. I hope the time will come, when we will have an organization, able to support officials, who can give their whole time to the office. Then we can build up, and keep up organization. I had hoped to have the book almost ready for press by this time, but have been too busy in my practice and other matters to do it. I have to have leisure to give my best thoughts to it, and have been advised by friends to take my time, and do it right. I will endeavor to have it ready by June first. J. B. W.

African Methodist Episcopal church in New York City fell down and killed 13 niggers. Unlucky number—10 women, 1 child and two men. Women always get the hot end of it.

Rev. C. F. Barrett and the Elks in Louisville, are causing one another. Elks say they can't Barrett.

"D. D."

By the Peculiar Name of Smith,
Writes me a Scatter Brain
Letter.

He Don't Know Where he is "At."

I have gotten a letter from a preacher. I don't know whether he is drunk, or it's just the ordinary imbecility of "the cloth." I print the best of it, if there's any best to it, and put small galaxies of stars where I leave out—principally Bible quotations. He mentions about thusly:

Dear Sir—I have been reading your paper, the Blue Grass Blade, taken by a member of my grand-daughter's family, and I understand that you are a preacher who boasts of having turned infidel and you seem to believe that all preachers are hypocrites and liars, and you even say that you hate preachers and call them your enemies.

Have you not made them so? Your language is that of a profane uneducated person, and yet you profess to be publishing a paper in the interest of good morals. Perhaps you will say it is none of your readers' business what you publish in your paper, and that you are publishing it for your own amusement. I will say I cannot agree with those sentiments, for if the readers pay the price of good reading, which professes to be for the improvement of morals, the readers should not be denied the right to judge as to what constitutes morality.

Had you spent the time in rational study that you spent in searching for relics of a religion which you did not believe in, you might now, instead of calling yourself an infidel, be instructing your readers as to the true meaning of the book which you seem, now, to thoroughly hate.

I do not know what sort of brains the people of Kentucky have, but, up here, in Minnesota, some of us know that we need not believe, literally, the story of creation, nor that the licentious old kings, priests and other Lord Gods of the Old Testament were holy men.

The writers of that book did not intend that we should, nor yet that the death of a crucified man could ever save the world from sin or its consequences. In order to call ourselves Christians.

We understand that the creation meant simply the making of mental and physical conditions, which . . . as the book (Bible) has been somewhat spoiled by transportation and the introduction of some language much better left out, which serves, however, to show more clearly what unholy men the old Lord Gods were, not unlike some of their descendants of to-day.

To us the Garden of Eden was, and is, but the cultivation of moral, political and religious conditions. . . . the tree of the knowledge of good and evil is the use and abuse of the privilege of fatherhood and motherhood. . . . and Adam fell a prey to suggestion.

The serpent was the lying priest who seduced the young woman who went to confession. . . .

If you infidels are not careful we shall surprise you in our renunciation of orthodox creeds, for we can find moral teachings in the Bible in despite (?) of both the creeds of the infidels.—URICH SMITH, D. D.

Markville, Minn. Feb. 21, 05.
P. R.—I hope that you will not reject this article because I am a clergyman, as I would like you to publish it.—U. S.

Yes, and a hell of a "clergyman" you are!
Old man, let me give you a little Dutch Uncle talk.

You want cut any lee in theology, but so to Lake Superior, and cut a hole in the ice on it, and soak your head, until your brain—or the place where it ought to be—cools off, and don't drink any more of that Minnesota whiskey, until you can walk a crack in your floor, and then write me and let me know which side of this plous ity you are on—infidel or Christian—and may be I can print your letter without so much astronomy in it.

But for God's sake don't drink any more of that Minnesota whiskey. They make it out of rotten potatoes and it will also kill you. Send to Kentucky and get you a barrel.

MY "CRANKY IDEAS" ABOUT LIQUOR SUIT HIM.

Emmanuel, Ky., Feb. 20, 05.
Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find \$1.00 to renew my subscription to the Blade. I have no suggestions to make as to how you shall run the Blade, it suits me the way it is cutting. I get several at papers of various kinds, but the

Blade is the only one I take time to read, though your cranky ideas about liquor suit me.

The other day among a crowd in my office, was an old toper. Some church members who were present were teasing him, but he defended himself most ably, citing several good Old Bible characters, who had taken a wee drop, and wound up by saying that Solomon had suggested that we eat and drink and that Paul had said, "Take a little drink for your stomach's sake." He silenced the crowd because they could not answer this argument, but I told him that those old rascals ought to be hung.—EMMETT JOYNER.

There are more encouraging letters now coming to me from Kentucky than I have ever had to this time. Sometimes a prophet has honor in his own country.

ABOUT KIDDER'S "VIRGIN MARY."

Carlisle, Ark., Feb. 23, 05.
Mr. Moore.

Dear Sir and Brother—Brother L. P. Arnold and myself had an argument regarding the cause of your going to Columbus to board with Uncle Sam.

He said it was because of the "Virgin Mary" article, and I said it was not, and I stated that you were in Columbus at the time it was first published in the Blade.

Please decide and oblige, your friend.—THOMAS ELLIS.

The Virgin Mary was printed first in the Blade, when I was in the penitentiary. I never knew what the charge against me was.

I was put to work in writing for, and other wise working on, "The Ohio Penitentiary News." It published, every week, the names of the prisoners who had been sent there during the past week, with the crimes for which they had been sent opposite their names.

I got that card from the Secretary's office every week. There were about 20 sent there the week I was. All of the names, except mine, had the crime printed after it. There was no charge printed after mine and my name was the only one of which that was true that I saw while I was there. I had access to the Secretary's book where all the names of all the prisoners and crimes for which they had been convicted were recorded.

I looked in that book once to see what charge there was against me, and there was none.

I examined several hundred names, and found only one other that had no charge opposite it.

I never inquired what it meant and I do not know any more than you do what I was sent to the penitentiary for.

If the court that seemed to be drunk—charged me with anything I do not know it.

The Prosecuting Attorney, Bundy, died with delirium tremens at the Denison House, in Cincinnati, on the day that I stopped at that hotel on my way to Indianapolis, to celebrate the birthday of Bob Ingersoll.

The "Pen" is mightier than the sword, and some cheese is milder than the sword.

"Virgin Mary," for sale at this office price ten cents.

Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 19, 05.
R. Rev. Brother Moore.

I received "The Pen" all O. K., and as I have been reading the Blade to my family this morning have come to the conclusion that it is growing better continually. I very much enjoyed the letter written by the gentleman whose signature was not attached to the article written by him. I very much regret that we shall receive no more of the cartoons of the master mind, who has passed over the Great Divide. In spite of the narrow bigotry existing in this city I have, as a member of the Board of Education, placed Thomas Paine's complete works in the public library, had it catalogued and announced the fact to my friends, and there is already a demand for it. I intended placing Ingersoll's complete works therein also. I should very much like to place "Dog Fennel" in the library and may be able to do so unless I encounter too much opposition; Ingersoll's works, however, must be placed if the heavens fall.

Wishing you unbounded success, and hoping your shadow may never grow less, I am,—GEORGE GATH.

See Be, Arkansas, Feb. 22, 05.
Dear Brother Moore. Have been sick for several weeks—barely able to write with pencil now.

Seventy three years old and my long enfeebled condition leaves but a narrow margin to hope for recovery. Should enclosed manuscript be accepted please send down Blade and bill and I or my wife, will remit.

You have fought a good fight against great odds—bearded the lion in his den. Hope in the wind up, you will look back over a long life feeling

as calm and free from fear as I do now. I expect to die believing that right living is the only true religion.

Good bye, and may the best ever be yours—A. B. BENNETT.

His splendid letter will be in full in the Blade. Once by one of these old friends are dying. It's all right; I am ready when my time comes, and I am proud and glad that I have lived, as I have.

EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.

Massachusetts Ex-Quaker, Likes "Quakerace."

Clinton, Mass. Feb. 25, 05.
C. C. Moore.

Dear friend and Brother—Enclosed please find 50 cents for pay for my Blade six months longer.

You may wonder why I don't send a dollar. The reason is I don't send a dollar. The reason is I don't send a dollar. The reason is I don't send a dollar.

I was born September 1, 1821, so I am 84 years old and when you arrive at that age you may do no better than I do.

I was born and brought up a Quaker, and the name of your home and farm seems dear to me. The Friends' principles have been dear to me. I remained a member of the Society until I married a wife out of the Society, and then I left it. When I was old enough to think for myself, I severed their orthodox religion, and I never sent nothing to make me again believe it.

For the past thirty years I have been a spiritualist. I have voted with the temperance party for many years. I commenced taking the Blade soon after you commenced its publication.

I was led to do this on account of its temperance. I have not sent much of late, in it, in regard to total abstinence but I think you are as strong in favor of it as when you commenced the paper.

You can say anything about the Bible, the churches and the ministers, to which I do not say Amen. I was an abolitionist, and I judge, from what you say in the Blade that you were opposed to slavery.

I would rather have seen slavery abolished some other way. The money spent in the war would have paid for all the slaves many times over. I do not believe in war. After spending his lots of money and taking lots of lives then they settle by assassination. I have been anxious to read "Dog Fennel," and thought my desire was accomplished. Samuel Andrews, of Boston, has commenced writing for the Blade.

I did not see the same time that I did, and prized it highly, told me he was going to buy the book and that I should have it to read.

He passed away the last of last August and had never bought the book. I have always been interested in the writings of Dr. Wilson, and Mrs. Henry, and other female writers.

I believe that female suffrage will come in time, with other good things. At my age I cannot keep for many months more. If I live six months I will forward again.

I am unable to do anything to make money and my funds are about played out. But it is no disgrace to be poor. I would rather be poor and honest, than to have funds that belong to some one else. I hope to be able to take the Blade as long as I live, if I am able to read it.—PLINY R. SOUTHWICK.

A WOMAN.

On Poetry, Cuppin, Sankey, Snakes, Gussin, etc.

Blue Earth, Minn. Feb. 21, 05.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir—I send verses that were and print them, if you see fit to do so.

I also send a clipping for you to comment on, if you see anything in it worth the while. Old people, like you and me, can well remember the Ashabula disaster, and that Ira D. Sankey was one of its victims. The Blade suits me all right. The words are a little strong, sometimes, but then the occasion demands it.

The paper is well worth \$1.00 a year.—MRS. M. A. LEE.

The clipping is about Sankey, whom I had supposed dead away back 25 years ago.

Sankey played Sanco Panza to Moody's Don Quixote.

Moody preached and Sankey did the singing.

I remember the horrible Ashabula disaster, but had forgotten I suppose I knew at the time, that Sankey was hurt there. It seems that the poor man, now 85 years old, who, with Moody, converted to Christianity more people than any other couple ever in America, has for years and years been a most horrible sufferer, being reduced in weight from 260 pounds to 90 pounds. It is only one of the thousands and thousands of cases where "God" brings most marked suffering upon those who have been the great

est promoters of the Christian religion.

The account of poor Sankey's long suffering is pitiful. I wish I could help him.

The poetry is as follows:

When this old shaggy world of ours, was moulded in a heap,
The water on the surface ran
adown the mighty steep,
And when the thing had cooled off
according to the plan,
The Spirit said unto itself, "I guess
I'll make a man."

The Spirit went to work and made a man of sticks and dirt,
But Adam didn't care a cuss, he went around a roamin',
Until the Spirit told itself, "I guess
I'll make a woman."

Now, just to start a story, this Adam fell asleep,
And when he waked in evening
He saw a lovely babe,
And driving home the sheep, that night,
He could not walk right steady,
And when he stepped inside the door,
his wife had supper ready.

Next morning, as the story goes, this Adam and his wife,
Both started out a looking for the wondrous tree of life,
And while they walked thus Adam was to his wife debatin',
And as they knew they met a chap whose surname was Old Satan.

Now Satan was a slippery cuss, with countenance all dirt,
The way he talked to Adam's wife did show he was a dirt,
And as conversation, I'll bet a good jack-knife
Old Satan says, "You'll desant to taste the tree of life."

Now as the female sex has proved to us, beyond a doubt,
The woman was the kind of stuff that couldn't be scared out.
And walking up as proudly as any woman could,
She ate a dozen apples and found that night was so sad one, for Adam and his wife.

But Adam called a doctor and saved the woman's life,
And when the maid got better and all first day she was a dirt,
Old Adam said unto his wife, "What Caused You to Get Sick?"

"Well then," says she, "if you must know, my daisy of a beauty,
I ate a dozen apples off of that forbidden tree of life."
But then a bout the stomach ache, I do not mind the bother,
For Satan says that, from this day, I'll know as much as Father.

Next morning with the basket light I swung up her arm,
Eve started for the orchard upon their little farm,
Arriving there quite early the dew was on the grass.

She gathered up a basket full to make some apple sass.

Back to the cottage she did trip before the sun had risen,
And there she found old Adam, toasting those feet of him.

She set the basket on the bed, and picking up a pail,
She started off to milk the cow, a grazing in the dale.

As Adam sat a noddin', his attention was attracted,
Unto the way his little wife that morning thus had acted,
And looking then about the room, he noticed on the bed,
A basket of ripe apples, all bright and sweet and red.

Now Adam was a quiet man, he never made a blunder,
And by the time he had them eat, he felt as sick as thunder.

The Spirit then appeared to him and made old Adam grover,
And just like any other man, he laid it all on Eve.

DEATH OF EX-MORMON BLADE MAN

Payson, Wash. Feb. 22, 05.
Editor Blue Grass Blade.

I write to inform you of the death of Chang, one of your subscribers. He died at Payson, February 21, 05.

Mr. Long was born near Bristol, Kingswood, Gloucester, England, June 10, 1821. Was married in 1852. He was ever an earnest seeker after the truth. This led to his embracing the Mormon faith and coming to America in 1854. He left the Mormon church and for many years has been an ardent supporter of Free thought and has done much to advance the cause in his home town and elsewhere. He was an honest and upright citizen and will be sincerely mourned by his friends.—L. M. Miles.

Help spread Free thought by sending in a club of five subscribers.

INDIAN TERRITORY WOMAN

Reads The B. G. B. and "Dog Fennel" And They Not Hurt Her.—Also Tells About Wilkison.

Reek, Ind. Ter., Feb. 23, 05.
Editor, Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—My husband takes the Blue Grass Blade and he takes two or three other papers, but he thinks most of the Blade I know, because he reads it first. And I read the Blade some times. I was reading "Dog Fennel in the Orient," one day, and a lady friend of mine came to see me while I was reading the book.

She asked me what I was reading, and I told her the best I could. She said, "Oh, I would not be caught reading old handed books and papers, for anything, and if you keep on reading such trash you will get to be an infidel."

Well, I said nothing, but just thought I had a right to read and think as I pleased. I will be a little like Wilkison—I will brag on myself because no one else will.

I was a good little creature and said nothing. I am no infidel, but I have read the Blue Grass Blade, and "Dog Fennel in the Orient," and it did not kill me, or any one else that I know of, and if I had another interesting book, like "Dog Fennel in the Orient," I would read it.

There was a very nice young man came over a Sunday or two ago, a Mr. Spencer. My husband was reading the Blue Grass Blade. So he read to the young man what Wilkison talked and then he read what Charles C. Moore had to say about Wilkison. Then they both had a hearty laugh, and the young man said he wanted that paper to let brother Dooley, our preacher, read what Wilkison said, and then what Moore had to say. I have never heard what Dooley had to say—don't know if he read it. I do not think it would hurt or injure any one to read and learn. LAURA SPENCER.

My debate with Wilkison has far exceeded my antecedent expectations, and I want to make other engagements for debating.

MILLIONAIRE CLERGY

Takes Unto Himself a Bride at Palm Beach Today.

Palm Beach, Fla., Feb. 20.—The most notable wedding of the winter season at Palm Beach took place today, when Miss Goodwin—affiliated to the young man, a relative of the great American painter of the same name, became the bride of the Rev. Richard Lewis Howell, known as the richest clergyman in the world. The wedding took place at the winter cottage of the bridegroom and was a function of great brilliance. The guests included prominent persons from Baltimore, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and a number of other places.

Dr. Howell is fifty-nine years old, while the bride has not yet reached her nineteenth year. Dr. Howell's first wife was Miss Mary T. Bush, of Pittsburg, and upon her death Dr. Howell inherited her large fortune, which has vastly increased under his management. A year ago he created a sensation by purchasing three of New York's most fashionable apartment houses for nearly \$5,000,000. He maintains home in Washington, Virginia, and Palm Beach and has a splendid steam yacht. He is a son of the late Andrew Howell, of Wheeling, W. Va. He has occupied pupils in Pittsburg, Philadelphia and several other cities, and at present is without a charge.

There is not, in the whole United States, or in the world, a preacher from the Pope down to Wilkison, who would not get all of Dick's money if he could, and let him while for it, and yet the Bible says that a rich man is just as dead as to go to hell as a needy one is to go through the eye of a Campbellite—or words to that effect.

FROM A COUNTRY JUDGE.

Stemerville, Fla. Feb. 20, 05.
Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—Knowing you to be well versed in the law, and having seen in Old Bible, as well as I can recollect where John, one of God's anointed, had difficulty in taking a certain city, and punished them for holding out against him, and as it seemed to make his God smile, he sent the steam engine to go through the eye of a Campbellite—or words to that effect.

See 2, Kings viii 12 and xv. 16, and x. 11. 17.

The man who read those passages and then say that the Bible is a good book, is a liar and a scoundrel and a villain and the government of the United States ought not to allow any

man, or woman to pervert the public morals, by teaching any such in famous stuff.

TWO THOUSAND.

Delinquent Subscribers for the Blade.

There are 2,000 subscribers to the Blade who are in arrears for the paper. We print 3,500 papers. Persons who do not know about such matters say cut off the 2,000.

If Mr. Hughes should do that then we would only have 1,500 on our list, some at \$1.00 each and some in clubs at 50 cents each, and that much of a list would not pay the cost of the paper, and of course of the remaining 1,500 there would be a proportion who would not pay.

If we were to cut off 2,000, now, because they are not paid up, there would be among that 2,000 probably 500 who would have paid, if we had let the paper go on and that would be a good many, who are good friends to the paper, who are behind in paying because they have not the money to pay and intend to pay. I get many letters begging me not to stop the paper to them and many who have not paid at the right time send their money and thank me that the paper has not been discontinued to them.

I suppose that half the people who pay for the paper pay for the money was due. So that both sending the paper on and that would be cutting off the 2,000. You all understand that Mr. Hughes is exclusively interested in the financial part of the paper.

I have not a dollar in the world, and he depends upon his printing for his living. I do not believe it worth while to argue with those who owe the paper, or to beg them. There are, I suppose, among them, say 500 people of that 2,000 who would be glad to see the paper fall.

"ONE WORLD AT A TIME."

Walter, Ind., Feb. 21, 05.
Charles C. Moore.

Dear friend—in the cause of sacred truth. I write to let you know that I still live. I am in the 88th year of my life. My health for 3 years, has been poor, but at present is improving. I sent you \$2.00 at the first of the year. I wish the spirit of sacred truth and demonstrated fact to predominate over priestcraft, and delusion. One world at a time is enough for me.—D. ENGLER.

KENNEWICK IRRIGATING CANAL.

watering twenty thousand acres of land on the west bank of the Columbia river, is one of the newest and best irrigating propositions in the United States, and was a function of great brilliance. The guests included prominent persons from Baltimore, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and a number of other places.

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ABOUT THE "HOLY SEPULCHER AT JERUSALEM."

Dennison, O., March 2, 05.
Dear Mr. Moore:

I enclose part of an old Catholic paper.

In looking over it I see the "Wanderer" finds that statements in catechisms, etc., are not correct as regards the sepulcher, at least. You have been there and will know which is correct. It is just as likely that Protestants or any other cult who allow others to do their thinking, may be mistaken—
GEORGE O. ROBERTSON.

The account in the old copy of The Catholic Columbian, on which there is no date except "Saturday, March 24," written by "Wanderer" is quite accurate except the most important thing in the whole piece, the place of the "Holy Sepulcher," and in that matter, "Wanderer" seems to be mistaken like nearly every body else that goes to Jerusalem, I give you the whole account, fully and plainly in "Dog Fennel," and that book, even if I did write it, is the greatest contribution to history, on that point, that America, if not the world, has produced. Mark Twain for instance, in "Innocents Abroad," gives an account of the tomb of Jesus, representing it as being in the church of the Holy Sepulcher. The place of the tomb of Jesus being in that place is just as preposterous as saying that the body of George Washington lies under the monument that has the statue of John C. Breckinridge on it, on Chesapeake, in Lexington.

I have never read a page in "Innocents Abroad," since its first appearance, 40 years ago, but from my recollection of it, I am under the impression that Mark Twain never saw, or ever heard of, while he was in Jerusalem, the real place where Jesus was buried.

I tried to read in the last year or so, John W. McGarvey's book on Palestine, but it is so chock full of silly religious rant that I could not read any of it, but I doubt if he ever, when he was in Jerusalem, saw the real place where Jesus was buried.

There were 468 in the party with which I went, having every advantage that anybody could have, and I only know of about six that went along with me, who even saw the garden in which Jesus was buried, and they were occupied, nearly all the time, in buying flower seeds in it, and I went up on the top of Calvary, the real place where Jesus was crucified, no one being with me, as I tell you in "Dog Fennel."

That people who go to Jerusalem only see the tomb that the four varieties of Catholics have inside a church, so as to collect money for seeing it, and anybody of common sense, who knows anything about the New Testament, can see that the absurdity of calling the place in the Holy Sepulcher, the tomb of Jesus, and so they come away from there under the impression that there is no foundation for the story of the crucifixion and burial of Jesus in, or near, Jerusalem.

Whoever wrote the story in the New Testament, about the angel setting on the stone that had been rolled away from the sepulcher—as I tell you in "Dog Fennel"—had seen the stone at the foot of the Kings of Israel and had not seen the grave where Jesus was really buried, and in telling the lie about the angel sitting on it, had made the absurdity of supposing the rolling stone at the grave of Jesus was like the rolling stone at the door of the tomb of the King's door of Israel.

That is fully explained in Dog Fennel.

But there is outside the walls of Jerusalem, not inside, as the church of the "Holy Sepulcher" is, the Mount Calvary, and the garden and the tomb all perfectly coinciding with the account in the New Testament, and there is hardly a reasonable doubt that a man corresponding largely, with the man Jesus of Nazareth, in the New Testament, was crucified on that little Mount Calvary, and was buried in that tomb, into which I went, in the garden, near the foot of that little mountain, but no rational man is going to believe all the marvelous stories about Jesus, in the New Testament simply because we can find his tomb there now, any more than we would believe all the marvelous stories about Samson, because we see Samson's tomb in that country now, or believe all the marvelous stories about Bonulus and Remus, because their tomb is seen out on the Appian Way, near Rome. No reasonable man can doubt that there was such a man as Mohammed, and the Mohammedans worship him, in Jerusalem, to-day, just as the Christians worship Christ, and nearly all the people in this country worship Mohammed, and yet nobody, but a fool would believe the marvelous stories that are told about Mohammed, and nobody but a fool would believe the marvelous stories told about Jesus.

That Jesus lived seems probable

though not so well attested as that Mohammed lived, but the "miracles" of Mohammed are quite as well attested as the "miracles" of Jesus, and in 500 years from now the "miracles" of Joe Smith and his followers may be better attested than either the miracles of Jesus or Mohammed.

WASHINGTON CITY, MAR.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 28, 05.
Dear Bro. Moore, I need to you in my last letter, by telling you I would have some subscribers for the B. G. B., by the last of the month, but as I gained two more by holding off, I guess you can forgive a little lie like that—can't you?

I'm not quite so bad a lie as a preacher recently told on Tom Paine.

He said Paine went to Switzerland to preach against God, but was so much impressed with their simple, Christ-like life there, that he built a Christian church, and I said that the preachers were the biggest liars that ever walked on shoe leather—unless you know some spy-plot who is a worse one—(Wilkinson—Editor).

My sister who is a good woman, and likewise a Christian, asked me if I supposed a minister of the gospel would deliberately lie about a thing like that—a little indignation, of course. I said I would not trust a preacher as far as I could throw a gentleman cow by the tail.

There is a lot of spy-plot here who want to know if this is a Christian or religious nation. See enclosed clipping from Washington Times.

What do you think of their nerve?

Notice the difference of opinion between the D. D.'s and the M. D.'s.

If I were not so busy I would get a good many subscribers for the Blade here. At any rate I am doing good work in this neighborhood. They can't stand feminist argument. Brother Moore, I never wanted to see a man as much as I do you. I used to hear of you when I was but eight or nine years old. My father used to be an old admirer of the B. G. B.—don't know whether he ever subscribed for it, but he used to read the Blade where Jesus was buried.

Wishing the Blade many years of success, and hoping to see you past the century mark, I remain yours for good morals.—J. W. WIDLOVE.

I give two extracts from the proceedings of the "preachers' meeting. One is as follows:

Dr. McKim Speaks.

"Dr. McKim made the opening address, explaining for those that attended the call the object of the meeting. He stated that, while the State and church should remain separate, the state and religion should not be separated. It was the duty of the State to teach religion in the schools—else the state had no right to teach morals in the courts. Morals were based on religion, and the state had no right to convict persons who were not religiously taught the Commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

He thought the state should see to it, first that the Ten Commandments were taught in the schools; second, that text books on religion were introduced; and third, that the Bible was made a basis of religious teaching in general. He then offered a series of resolutions which he had had printed and moved that they be adopted. He stated that the resolutions were all founded on his remarks. It was over these resolutions that the contention arose among the various sects and creeds."

The other is as follows:

"Mr. W. W. Prescott thought such a movement would result in trampling on rights of conscience, which was a matter of liberty to a majority, as well as a majority body. He said even the smoothest believers and has his rights."

No man or woman can be a good citizen, or good man or woman without opposing the Christian religion."

The men who did most to found this government, were George Washington, Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin. At the time they founded it they were all Infidels. The most inferior man of the four was George Washington. In his old days he became a kind of a half-baked Christian of the Episcopal brand."

George Washington hated George III. and wanted to be free from England, but if George Washington had had a son, and had not been controlled by the Infidels Franklin, Paine and Jefferson, he would have been, in America, what Oliver Cromwell was in England, a King starting a dynasty with text books on religion, and how the government of the United States with the separation of church and State as their main motive."

The greatest priest who has lived since their day was the Infidel Lincoln, assassinated by a Christian. No intelligent person can fail to see how the preacher villain, McKim, is trying by the sophistry and claptrap of his graft to beat the separation of church and state in this country while pretending to uphold that doctrine. No Christian can be a loyal citizen

of this government, because the New Testament tells all Christians to "Honor the King" (I. Peter II, 17), and no Christian can, intelligently and honestly, be a citizen of any democratic or republican government.

McKim is a more dangerous citizen than Her Most or John Turner.

The latter two are rattleknakes that give the alarm before they strike by telling that they are anarchists.

McKim is the "copperhead" snake in the grass, the crawly up on you and strikes without warning.

The insolence of a fool like Prescott is such that he richly deserves to be kicked. The idea of an unknown scrub like he is who would probably hardly rank with McGarvey of Lexington, saying of such a man as Harkell, that "even" he "believes, and has his rights."

Nobody ever heard of Prescott, but, filled with the innocence and brazen impudence of the Christian religion, the cheeky fool says of such men as Lincoln and Ingersoll, that "even" they believe and have their rights when Ingersoll, all by his lonesome, told Gladstone and Black and Field, all at once, and laid them across the knee and spanked them, and said, "You have the right of an unknown scrub like Prescott to that "even" such a man as Ingersoll believed and had his rights."

The real spirit of our American government, and the real spirit of the Christian religion, cannot exist upon the same soil at the same time.

If we are to remain political free men the monarchical spirit of King Jesus and the "Kingdom of Heaven" must be driven from this land.

WILKINSON-MOORE DEBATE

"Heard it all and was satisfied with The Way You Conducted the Same."

Holmes, Ind. Ter., Feb. 26, 05.

Dear old Hechen Comrade—Enclosed find \$1.00 to pay for my Blade.

I had the pleasure of meeting you at Ryan, at the debate, and heard it all, and was satisfied with the way you conducted the same. I send you clipping of the "Gospel Searchlight," of February 15, 1905.

I want you to see a sample of the Christian lies that they are continually telling. The large piece is from the Gospel Searchlight, and the small piece I received from a Campbellite preacher in Arkansas. I got him up a tree and this was the way he got down.

Wishing you long life, and many good things for yourself and that good woman who said "Do not let the circumstances I am proud to be a son of your wife." I am yours—D. W. PAR-DUE.

That is another of the many refutations of the printed statements of Wilkinson that all of my friends in that country had deserted me, the consequence of his defeating me in debate there.

I do not believe that he can find, anywhere, any person, Infidel or Christian, who heard that debate who will print a single sentence in any unkind about me, including his own wife, and I will print any such in the Blade.

The clipping sent by the Campbellite preacher living in Arkansas is as follows:

HOW INFIDELS DIE.

W. E. Shepard.

When Tom Paine, that mighty Infidel who spread his literature over the world and its awful train is following him to the Judgment, lay upon his death-bed, his Infidel friends said, "I understand you are going to recant. We hope you will die as you have lived." When they left he said, "These are miserable comforters. He heaved a Quaker who was caring for him, if she ever read one of his books and she said, "I never read but one and I threw it into the fire." He said, "Would to God that everyone who read it had done the same!" He rolled and tossed and said, "O Lord help me," but he had crossed the pale of mercy and died as he had lived.

Voltaire said that in one hundred years Christianity should be blotted from the face of the earth, but in one hundred years it was making more progress than ever, and he was blotted from the earth. Off his diabolical printing press, Bibles were printed and they were stacked away where he lived. It was God making the wrath of man to praise Him. He said upon his dying bed, when he saw the doctor coming in, "I will give you half of what I am worth if you will cause me to live."

The doctor said, "You cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to Hell, and you will see with me, and soon after expired. That was when he faced the awful issue of death said, "I am going to Hell." I do not want to die that way.

Written on the margin of the clipping was the following:

"I send you the dying statements

of two of your brethren Infidels, can make sport of God for a while, but they must die and be judged for their bad lives.—J. H. HILL.

In the old times when we had no way of rapidly sending the news, it was it was common for preachers to tell stories, like those two, in their pulpits, and I can remember when it was common for preachers to tell long strings of lies, in their pulpits, about the horrors of Infidel death-bed scenes but in these days when the truth of statements of that kind can be tested, in an hour, we never hear any stories of that kind in the pulpit, and now deaths of Infidels are commonly reported in the papers, and so far from being that they die miserably, they die calmly and philosophically; among the beautiful death scenes on record being that of Ingersoll.

I was baptized when I was 14 years of age—docking preachers by a Campbellite preacher, named Ricketts. I heard old Ricketts, whose name exactly fitted his rickety, shuffling old body, give, in the pulpit an account of an Infidel death-bed scene in Paris, Ky. I said where the preachers and distillers put me in jail—about 17 miles from my home.

Old Ricketts—with legs and arms like crickets—told of a young man in Paris, Kentucky, who was an Infidel and a splendid orator.

Ricketts said the young man was making a political speech standing up on a goods box. The old cock said that when the young fellow had finished his splendid speech and went to get down off the goods box he ran a splinter under his finger nail and died with lock jaw, exclaiming, "I am going to hell—I am going to hell!" and from old Ricketts' description the young fellow seemed to be hell-bent on going to hell, though his friends tried to reason him out of the idea.

I was a boy and did not then know that no one having lock jaw could talk, and old Ricketts never gave the name of the young man, or any more clue to his identity than I have given here.

Along some where about 1840, when I had gotten onto the fact that preachers are the biggest liars in the world, I began to investigate about the young lock jaw orator in Paris, and asked various persons there then, and since then, including Col John G. Craddock, who lived there, and who was known as the Nestor of Kentucky Journalism, and I have never been able to get any clue to the young man who went to hell from Paris, by the splinter route, and I am satisfied that old Ricketts was a base old scoundrel.

A lot of us young fellows here in the church, and he did everlastingly sneer me with it, and I find and got to be a spy-plot, and then all the other rackets made by old Ricketts, and now I am certain that the whole story about the Infidel death-bed scenes was a fake, gotten up out of whole cloth to sneer me and a lot of boys that I would probably influence into the church, because I was rich.

Old Ricketts has been dead a long time, but if he is in hell, there is one thing the Devil has never done—try the fat out of Ricketts. He didn't have enough fat on him to grease an average car on your route. That old fellow Hile would be happy as a summer cone if he thought he could get Paradise in hell.

"SEVENTY YEARS OLD

And Jolly and Happy and the Blade Bear a Magnetic Healer."

Suphr Springs, Texas, Feb. 27, 05.

Mr. C. C. Moore, Dear Sir—Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please move up my tab to March, 06.

I am proud of the privilege of paying you. Give the sky-busters hell, for they read it. The best Baptist we have here, and after that, the church on my corn. I hit em the best I can, and tell them that I pity them, and that they must be good so they can hold their jobs.

Religion is the chief concern. For mortals here below, But sure it makes a hell on earth Wherever it may go.

I am only 70 years old, and am as jolly and as happy as the most of them.

I see a good time, and like to read the Blue Grass Blade. It beats a magnetic healer, and makes me forget that my hair is gray.

So just keep on giving it to them, and I will put up the snuff box to what you say. My best wishes for you.—G. M. CALVERT.

"DOG FENNEL" IN SCOTLAND.

The Following Letter has Been Sent To Me.

Arbroath, Scotland, Feb. 13, 06.

James Mitchell.

Wilbur, Nebraska, U. S. A.

Dear Comrade—It has been con-

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

EXCURSION TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT REDUCED RATES TO

NEW ORLEANS, LA., HAVANA, CUBA,
HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,
CITY OF MEXICO, CALIFORNIA,

AND MANY OTHER POINTS WITH LIBERAL STOP OVERTS AND RETURN LIMITS.

Only line running through personally conducted sleepers, Louisville to Texas, Arizona and California.

Reduced one-way Colonist and hams seekers' excursion rates to points South and West, first and third Tuesdays in each month.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in the States of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer, or Homemaker, who will forward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free, Circulars Nos. 1 to 11 inclusive, and others as they are published from month to month.

Call on or address nearest Railroad Agent, or address.

F. W. HARLOW

DIVISION PASSENGER AGENT, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

LOW ONE-WAY RATES

TO COLONISTS

VIA THE

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

To Montana, Washington, Idaho and British Columbia.

DATES OF SALE — MARCH 1 TO MAY 15, 1905

TO	ST. Paul, Minn.	Chicago
Hinsdale, Mont.	\$18.00	\$25.00
Harve, Great Falls, Helena, Kalispell, White fish and intermediate points	20.00	30.00
Jennings, Mont. Wenatchee, Wash. Fernie, B. C., Spokane, and intermediate points	22.50	30.50
Seattle, Everett and Puget Sound points	25.00	33.00

Send for free illustrated pamphlets describing Washington and Montana.

F. L. WHITNEY, Gen'l. Pass. and MAX BASS, Gen'l. Immigration Ticket Agent St. Paul, Minn. Agent, 220 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

ned to the house for several days through influenza. It is raging here. I have not gained sufficient to start back to work, but hope to do so soon.

I got the B. G. B. with copy of my letter to the "Guide" and C. C. Moore's comments. I admire the old man's pluck and also his preface. He foretold what is just happening. Everybody is wanting to read "Dog Fennel." One individual, a member of Dr. Lilley's congregation, wanted to know where he could buy it. I told him "Lexington, Kentucky"—J. A. DISON.

J. C. AND J. L. CRAPPING.

Clinton, Iowa, March 1, 1905.

Dear Brother Moore:

In speaking of Judas you refer to the Apostolical New Testament for evidence that he was crucified to death by an ox team, or something similar. Where, in the book can I find it?

In the 19th chapter of Infancy, I find that Judas son of Jesus had a little discussion, something of a primary school kind, but after that, I find no mention of Judas. But, in the hunt for him, I found some very choice reading. In the first gospel of Infancy I find where Jesus told his mother, when in the cradle and three months old, "Mary I am Jesus, the Son of God."

That ought to satisfy any Infidel.

I think they used Twelve a little rough, but she comes out all right and says, "Now also deliver me from the hands of these wicked and unreasoning men, nor suffer them to debase my chastity, which I have, hitherto, preserved for thy honor, for I love thee and long for thee and worship thee, O Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen."

But the visitor to the Shepherd had the soft snap. See 3. Hermas, Similitude 3, beginning at verse 90.

I don't mind I took the trouble to try to look up Judas.

I would like to shake hands once more before crossing the great divide. I sent you \$5.00 to move up my subscription, and that of my nephew in Dundee, Scotland.

Sincerely and fraternally,

JAMES A. GREENHILL.

I loaned my copy of the Apocryphal New Testament to a man about 25 years ago and he has not brought it back yet. I suppose he will bring it home about 1950.

It was the edition of Archbishop Walcott.

If I were going to guess as to what I would say the story about Judas and the ox cart in the "Acts of Pilate."

It says that Judas was driving oxen to a cart through a gate, and that the hub of the wheel caught Judas against a gatepost and killed him.

But I don't believe the story for Judas had certainly been killed twice before that and Judas wasn't any Tom cat, with nine lives, or anything of that kind.

I saw one of the places where Judas was killed and there wasn't any gate about the place—nothing but a green hill.

Salem, Ore.—Letters came to me from Freethought publishers addressed to James Kears, from mistake in the Blade. I am the only real bad bellwether, skeptic, agnostic, Infidel, open antagonist of revelation, Christian or other religion at McCoy, Ore.—JAMES K. SEARS.

Help boost Freethought by sending the Blue Grass Blade to five or more of your Christian neighbors. A few issues will start them to thinking.

We are now sending the Blade in clubs of five or more for 50 cents a year. Under this arrangement you can renew your subscription and get four new ones all for \$2.50.

BLUE GRASS TRACTION CO.

Cars leave Lexington for Paris every hour from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m. except 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Leaves Paris for Lexington every hour from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. except 12 noon, 2 and 9 p. m.

Leaves Lexington for Georgetown every hour from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m. except 11 a. m. and 10 p. m. Leaves Georgetown for Lexington every hour from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m. except 10 a. m., 12 noon, 7 and 9 p. m.

Car 14, carrying freight, express and trunks, leaves Lexington for Georgetown at 3:50. Leaves Georgetown for Lexington every hour from Paris at 11:35 a. m. Leaves Paris at 1:45 p. m.

Pleasant rates, also special rates for excursion, for supper and theater parties, and for school, business and family tickets can be had on application at the company's office 464 West Main street, Lexington, Ky. E. T. Phone 610, Home Phone 1874.

Y. ALEXANDER, President.